

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mounch,
He rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day

Exit Hamlet,

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gerirard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this sir, now shal you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And praisd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that should learne vs.
There's a diuinity that shaaes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, so bold

My

Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commission, where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hor. I't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play, I sat me downe,
Deuis'd a new comm'ssion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yeomans seruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributarie,
As loue between them like the Palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten Garland weare
And stand a *Comma* twene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shruing time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seald?

Ham. Why euen in that was Heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modell of that *Danish* scale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely,

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